Tabernacle and Purgatory

Vol. 23 JULY, 1927 No. 3

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TABERNACLE AND PURGATORY

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The Love of the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Eucharist

THE sufferings and death of our Divine Redeemer on the Cross did not satisfy the love of His Sacred Heart. About to leave this world and go to the Father, Jesus could not forsake His dear children. "I will not leave you orphans; behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (John xiv. 18; Matt. xxviii. 20). On the eve of His bitter Passion and death, Jesus expressed more touchingly than ever before, that His "delights were to be with the children of men" (Prov. viii. 31). Then it was that the infinite power and wisdom of Jesus invented a way by which He might be in heaven with His Father, and on earth, at the same time, with His poor children. The Blessed Eucharist was this Divine invention.

The Holy Eucharist was the last and greatest effort of the burning love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus before His Passion. "Wherefore," says the Council of Trent, "our Savior when about to depart out of this world to the Father, instituted this Sacrament in which He poured forth, as it were, the riches of His love towards man" (Sess. xiii. c. 11). O the infinite love of Jesus in

the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass! On the altar, as at Nazareth, the **Word is made Flesh.** St. Augustine cries out: "Oh, worthy of veneration is the dignity of priests in whose hands, as in the womb of Mary, the Son of God becomes incarnate!" On the altar, as on Calvary, Jesus is immolated, and the Precious Blood of His Sacred Heart is mystically separated from His Body.

O the infinite love of Jesus in Holy Communion! To nourish and fortify our souls our Blessed Lord gives us nothing less than His own Adorable Body and Blood. "The bread that I will give," says our Redeemer, "is My Flesh for the life of the world. . . **He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day.** For My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me, and I in him. . . He that eateth this bread shall live forever" (John vi. 52 - 59).

In Holy Communion, the Blood of the Sacred Heart of Jesus flows upon the soul to wash away its sins, and to impart strength and courage to walk with fortitude, like the prophet, "to Horeb, the mountain of God," that is, the kingdom of heaven. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, inspire our souls with love for Thyself in Holy Communion!

O the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus dwelling day and night in our Tabernacles! Our holy Faith, our unerring Faith, tells us that in the Blessed Sacrament, in the lonely church on the bleak mountain side, as well as in the cathedrals of our populous cities, **the God of heaven, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word, is ever present day and night.** From the Tabernacle Jesus says, "This is My rest forever and ever; here I will dwell, for I have chosen it" (Ps. cxxxi. 14). And again He says, "My eyes and My Heart shall be there always" (2 Paral. vii. 16). Jesus invites all His children to group round the altar that He may bless them: "Come to Me," He sweetly says, "all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matt. xi. 28).

"The Blessed Sacrament," writes St. Thomas of Aquin, "is not only the greatest of all God's miracles, but an abridgment of all the wonders He has ever wrought." — O love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on our altars! Who can measure the height and depth, the length and breadth of Its boundless love for us? There are unutterable treasures of love in that unfathomable ocean of which we can speak only in faltering words.

"O love!" cries out St. Francis of Sales, "O sovereign love of the Heart of Jesus! What heart can bless and praise Thee as Thou dost deserve!" St. Margaret Mary, seeing the beams of burning love issuing from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, said to her Divine Lord: "If I had a thousand bodies, a thousand lives, and a thousand loves, I would sacrifice them all in order to serve Thee."

O Heart of Jesus, grant us the gift of Divine love! May we love Thee ardently throughout our life. May we love Thee for those who offend Thee. May the flames of Divine love, issuing from the burning Heart of Jesus, warm and ignite the cold hearts of men!

Necessity of Holy Communion

By Alban Stolz

Alban Stolz was a priest who had a special mission from God to revive the Catholic life in the hearts of the faithful. He was pious, charitable and profoundly spiritual. A great writer for the people, he wrote much conducive toward awakening and preserving Christian faith and true piety. Above all, he ardently desired that the faithful should have a true knowledge of the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist which would foster in their hearts a love for Jesus in this Sacrament of Love. He also strove to instil into Catholic minds a high appreciation of Holy Mass.

During the course of the year, we shall offer to our readers some of the beautiful passages and profound instructions on the Holy Eucharist, which this excellent author has left to future posterity in his books. Many of our readers will assuredly be edified, and will receive light and encouragement therefrom.

IF we could look into our inmost being and learn of what we stand most in need to give health to our soul, we should soon come to the conclusion: **there is no remedy except that of uniting ourselves body and soul with the Son of God.** Natural reason, darkened by sin, is powerless to see this necessity, but light from on high will infuse this knowledge if we are but humble. I will now show how we are truly helped when Christ comes to us bodily and personally in the Holy Eucharist.

Our Divine Savior said to Nicodemus: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of

flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit" (John iii. 5, 6). It is necessary that a new, heavenly spirit be created in man. This is done, in the first place, in holy baptism. Like water, baptism causes the seed to sprout, but water does not suffice to make a plant grow or to render it fruit bearing. Baptism is necessary in order to have part with Christ, but baptism alone does not suffice for man, after he has attained the use of reason, for he then **stands in need of food for the spiritual life of his soul.**

A living body after its birth must have food to sustain life and to promote growth. This food must be of the same substance from which the body is taken, that is, it must be of earth. Similarly, the new being in man, which is born again of the Holy Ghost, must have food that it may live and grow. But because this new creation is taken from the Holy Ghost and from heaven, its food must be from the Holy Spirit and from heaven. This food is the Son of God who gives Himself to us in Holy Communion as our food. "I am the living Bread which came down from heaven" said our Divine Savior; "if any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever" (John vi. 51, 52).

A person in the state of sin cannot benefit by receiving Holy Communion since the germ of life from the Holy Ghost is not in him. Rather, such a one sins against the Body of the Lord, because he places the Living God into a whitewashed sepulchre full of foul odors and corruption. If one would object, saying, that the soul lives by faith and devotion, I would answer: as the body, for any length of time, cannot subsist on air alone, although inhaling and exhaling are indispensable to life, neither can the spiritual life thrive properly on mere devotion; **it must be nourished from time to time with the living Bread from heaven, with the true Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.**

Christ invited all men to receive Him frequently, yes daily in Holy Communion: "Labor. . . for the meat which endureth unto life everlasting, which the Son of man will give you. For Him hath God the Father sealed. I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever" (John vi. 27, 51, 52). Bread is eaten daily. On one occasion, it was on the eighth day of the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacles, as St. John the evangelist relates, Jesus stood before a great multitude and cried out: "If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink, and the water shall become in him as a living fountain flowing into life everlasting." Such living waters are

the graces which flow upon the worthy recipient of the Holy Eucharist.

Full of love for men, Jesus invited all to come to His merciful Heart: "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matt. xi. 28). Now, in Holy Communion you come to Him, and He comes to you; yes, He even enters into your very being. Thus, Holy Communion is for man a fountain of all graces; all comfort, all help, all light, all strength to avoid sin, faithfully to fulfil one's duties, ever to practice virtue, and patiently to bear one's cross. It only remains for us to learn how to make use of Holy Communion in the proper way, and to be zealous for its reception. Let us make practical use of Holy Communion for our daily lives. It will become for us "The treasure hidden in the field," and a "Pearl of great price" well worth our spending our whole life to acquire it.

St. Ann, Patroness and Helper of Christian Mothers

ST. Ann is the great model to all in the married state or otherwise charged with the education of children. Great was the honor of St. Ann in being the parent of the Mother of God and giving to a lost world an Advocate of Mercy; sublime was her office in instructing this amiable Child in virtue and holiness. St. Ann herself was a "vessel of grace," not in name only, but by the possession of those gifts with which God had endowed her to be the worthy mother of the Virgin Mary. Her pious care of this illustrious Daughter was the greatest means of St. Ann's own sanctification; because of this she receives a special glory in the Church of God to the end of ages.

How encouraging to all parents who make the holy education of their children their principal duty. By this they glorify their Creator, perpetuate His honor on earth, and sanctify their own souls. *From the hands of the parents, God will once require the souls of their children.* Happy will those parents be who can say to the Divine Judge: "Not one of those whom Thou hast given me has been lost through my fault." Good children will increase the glory of their parents for all eternity.

"Blessed, thrice blessed, art thou, O St. Ann, who didst receive from God and bring forth the blessed Child from whence proceeded Christ, the flower of life!

"We congratulate thee, O blessed Ann, on the dignity of being the mother of Mary, for thou hast brought forth our common hope, the germ of the Promise.

"All pious lips bless thee in thy Daughter, all languages glorify thy Child! Worthy above all praise, worthy art thou of the praise of all who are redeemed, for thou hast given life to her who brought forth our Savior, Jesus Christ."

— St. John Damascene.

* * * *

"St. Ann, by her intercession, dispels melancholy and evil desires. She aids the poor, cures the sick and comforts the sorrowing. She removes tribulations, obtains light for the intellect, strength for the will and affections for the heart."

— The famous and learned Abbot Trithemius.

"To St. Ann, God has given the power to aid in every necessity, because Jesus, her Divine Grandchild according to the flesh, will refuse her no petition, and Mary, her glorious Daughter, supports her every request. All those who venerate good St. Ann, shall want for nothing, neither in this life nor in the next. Believe me, if you love and venerate this saint, you will experience how highly God esteems her. He grants all she asks for! It would be impossible to enumerate the many graces she obtains daily for her clients."

— Abbot Trithemius.

St. Paul says that it is by the Christian education of their children that parents are to be saved (1 Tim. ii. 15). He would not permit anyone to serve the altar whose sons by their conduct did not give proofs of a virtuous education. Nevertheless, in our day, we see parents solicitous about the mere temporal qualifications of their children, intent on procuring them a position in the world; yet culpably careless about purchasing for them virtue, in which alone their true happiness consists. This reflection drew tears from the heathen philosopher, Socrates, who desired to mount the highest pinnacle of his city and cry out: "Citizens! of what are you thinking? You employ all your time in heaping up riches to leave to your children; yet you take no pains to cultivate their souls with virtue, as if land and money were more precious than they themselves" (Plutarch, i. De educand, liberis).

Realizing, therefore, the great duty she has in rearing her children well, the pious mother will daily recommend her children to God and pray especially to St. Ann for the gift of imparting a good training, this highest and most difficult of all arts.

Great Favors for Christian Mothers

St. Ann obtains many graces, priceless graces for all who venerate her, but she grants her maternal assistance in particular to Christian mothers who choose her for their patroness and model. *Numberless examples prove that St. Ann obtains great favors for Christian mothers.* She preserves peace in married life, restores harmony in discord, and often wonderfully changes a husband's bad disposition. She protects the birth of children in an extraordinary manner; bestows blessings that lighten the task of rearing children properly; brings wayward children back upon the right path; obtains the restoration to health for the sick mother; preserves her precious life for her numerous family, for the helpless children, and prevents the loss of husband and father.

After God and the Blessed Virgin, St. Bridget was devoted to St. Ann with most tender love. Once while she was praying, St. Ann appeared to her and said, "Behold me, my daughter Bridget! I am Ann whom you love. Know how full of mercy, goodness and affection I am for all who love me. Those who live chastely and peacefully in the state of matrimony, I will

love and protect in a special manner. I will grant their petitions whenever they take refuge to me."

How necessary, Christian mothers, is St. Ann's assistance for you, especially in the bringing up of your children! Numberless saints would never have attained to sanctity, had they not been blessed with a pious mother. At her knees the mother must train her children, laying the foundation in those tender years for the most excellent gifts of grace. It is mothers who implant the germs of future saints. A learned bishop writes, *Among all God's gifts, a Christian mother is the greatest.*

Question the damned in hell. Ask them, "What brought you to this terrible fate?" Countless numbers of them will lament: "We did not have Christian parents. This was the beginning of our damnation."

Ah, how consoling is the death of a pious mother! A French physician who had witnessed the death of more than two thousand persons remarked, "I have always found a Christian mother's death to be most beautiful and edifying." Yes, a virtuous mother has a foretaste of her future happiness. One might feel inclined to ask, who is more blissful in heaven than a mother in the midst of her children! The child's happiness is likewise the mother's happiness. The happiness of each child that is saved, will be for its parents a heaven in heaven.

The following example is one of many instances which shows us the happiness of a Christian mother as she stands on the threshold of eternity. In the forties of the last century, a Christian mother lay dying in a village of the Black Forest of Baden. Seven of her children had already been taken by God. Presently, the dying woman raises herself, and with a cry of joy exclaims, "O my little children!"

"What do you see?" asks the pastor who had administered to her the last sacraments.

"All my seven children are there!" Then she sinks back upon her pillows and a few moments later breathes forth her soul. Forever she has joined her dear ones where separation is no more!

Christian mother, choose St. Ann for your patroness and venerate her fervently.

Sister Mary Martha Chambon and Devotion to the Holy Wounds of Jesus

Continued

AFTER the community had acceded to the demands of our Lord in the two points: the Holy Hour and the Chaplet of the Holy Wounds, He did not desist from turning to them again; on the contrary, He urged them to greater zeal. He showed them His Wounds as "sources of grace for sinners" and as "eloquent lessons for religious."

Thus, among other things, Jesus said to Sister Mary Martha: "For a long time I have desired to see thee distribute the fruits of My Redemption. Now thou art doing that which I wish thee to do for the salvation of the world. Each time when the Chaplet of the Holy Wounds is prayed, I let drops of My Precious Blood fall upon souls of sinners. Men tread My Blood under foot, but you, My spouses, should love Me and work for love of Me.

"If thou didst not profit by the riches with which My Wounds are stored up for thee, thou wouldst become guilty of punishment. The souls who do not honor My Wounds but rather ridicule them, I shall reject. . . Sinners treat the Crucifix with contempt. I bear with them in patience, but the day will come when I shall avenge Myself." Then Jesus showed her a multitude of sinners, and said: "I show them to thee so that thou mayest not lose time."

During the month of July, dedicated to the honor of the Most Precious Blood, Sister Martha was privileged to behold her Crucified Savior almost continually. "Daughter," He said, "I suffered as much for each soul in particular as I suffered for all souls together — such is the abundance of the Redemption."

She saw the redeeming Blood poured out in torrents from the Adorable Wounds, and Jesus whispered to her: "It is the Blood of thy Spouse, of thy Father, and it is for souls that It was shed. I alone can shed this Divine Blood. My daughter, I am thy Spouse. I belong wholly to thee for the salvation of souls."

Then Sister Martha was given to understand that she could, as it were, accomplish a second Redemption by the repeated offering of the Sacred Wounds, and as often as she offered them she saw God's wrath appeased, and the sweetness of Divine grace pervading the earth.

"My child," said Jesus on another occasion, "the victory

must be won. It comes through My sacred Passion. On Calvary all seemed lost, but it was just there that My triumph began. My constant desire is that men may profit by My Redemption, but whether or not they respond to My grace, it shall redound to My glory. Our Savior filled her with anguish when He manifested His justice to her in regard to the sins of men. Terror-stricken, she exclaimed, humbling herself profoundly in His sight: "My God, look not at our misery, look only at Thy mercy!" And she began to appease Him by multiplied invocations of the Holy Wounds. Her good Master encouraged her by saying: "Offer them to Me for the salvation of sinners; I thirst for souls!"

Heavenly Spirits and Earthly Angels

GOD with us in the Holy Eucharist! — What wonderful condescension and excessive love on the part of the Most High! Truly, were the angels capable of jealousy, they would envy man his possession of Jesus in the Sacrament of Love. The celestial spirits would envy, especially those virginal souls who dedicate their lives to the unceasing adoration of the Eucharistic Lord, finding in His sanctuary their paradise on earth. Let us listen to what an angel says of the Mystery of Love on our altars, and let us hear the answers of a virgin soul.

The angel: In a quiet convent chapel, I knelt before the Tabernacle day and night with an innumerable throng of cherubim and seraphim. It was a hallowed spot. Every morning, the consecrated virgins received our Lord with pure hearts, and with them He kept a feast of celestial love.

Not only the pious nuns, but the pupils also received Jesus into their hearts. The convent was a renowned educational institution, and many parents gladly entrusted their children to the care of the religious, knowing that in those sacred precincts they would be preserved from the contaminations of the world.

Among these youthful souls was one who irresistibly attracted my attention on account of her glowing love for the Holy Eucharist. This love shone on her countenance when she received her God into her yearning heart. Her name was "Angelica." I felt drawn to her even because of this angelic name, but still more

because of the inexpressible innocence and unsullied purity that shone from her bright eyes.

She was sixteen years of age. Eight years had elapsed since she had received her first Holy Communion, but I could still see the light of that day gleaming in her soul, nothing being able to remove its happiness. With anxiety I often thought of the future of this pious child. Will she preserve the crown unstained? Will its brightness never grow dim? Will this spotless soul remain so pure and loving after she has left these sacred halls? Some few returned to the convent to receive the veil of virginity and to choose the Lord as their heavenly Bridegroom. The majority faithfully and courageously filled their position in the world. A few, alas, lost their precious treasure in the bustle of life, forgot their innocent girlhood, and sacrificed the purity of their soul for sensual pleasures and fleeting joys.

What would become of Angelica? Was the breath of the world to tarnish this virginal soul? — Ah, then it would be far better if the Lord would take this soul that loved Him and transplant it into the garden of paradise.

One day when I saw the maiden again kneeling before the Tabernacle full of holy fervor and devotion, — for she frequently came during the day to greet her Savior, — I ventured to impart my anxieties to the Lord. I besought Him reverently if it were His holy will, to pluck this fragrant blossom for Himself before the dust of earth should sully its beauty.

A heavenly smile illuminated His sacred countenance, and He answered: "Do not fear. Angelica belongs to My elect and shall one day follow the Lamb withersoever He goeth. But thy petition shall be fulfilled; this pure angel soul may presently become thy companion in heaven. However, I make one condition, Angelica herself shall decide as to whether she wishes to remain longer on this earth or enter heaven immediately. If she choose the latter, call thy brother the angel of death; he shall kiss her forehead that she may fall asleep without pain, and shall guide her soul to heaven."

I bowed reverently to this holy decree. It did seem astonishing to me, nevertheless, that the Lord should leave to a human creature the choice of dying now or later. We can only adore with humility the decrees of God, for we are unable to fathom His wisdom.

The maiden entered the convent garden. She held a book

The Virgin, Angelica, in Meditation

in her hand as she walked slowly up and down a shady lane studying. At the end of the lane towered a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As often as she came near the statue, she raised her eyes from the book, cast a loving glance at the image, and whispered, "My dear Savior, I should like to stay with Thee and converse with Thee, but Thou knowest I must study diligently in order to know my lessons for tomorrow." She then resumed her walk.

The Message

Quietly I went to her side and accosted her with the salutation, "I greet thee, Angelica, my sister soul!" She was not startled. Her heart continually dwelt with the King of the Angels, therefore, she was not astonished to see a prince of the heavenly court suddenly standing before her. Joyfully moved, she returned my salutation: "Hail, thou beautiful angel, bright messenger of God! Dost thou come from my sweet Jesus?" she asked, "and does He send me a message?"

"Yes, pure lily, He sends thee the most glorious message: thou art permitted to enter paradise this very day, but only if thou thyself dost desire it; the Lord leaves thee freedom of choice. If thou dost wish to live longer upon this earth, it shall be so; but if thou feel thy heart drawn towards heaven, Ariel, the angel of death, will spread his wings about thee and carry thee into the abode of the blessed."

The maiden stood with beaming eyes, her hands pressed to her throbbing heart. She paused a moment and then asked softly, "Does the Lord really leave to me the freedom of choice?" — "Yes,—but I know full well what thou wilt choose," I responded.

"Oh, then, dear angel, I choose life. I beg to be left a while on earth!"

I was speechless! "Thou dost choose the earth," I exclaimed; "thou dost prefer this vale of tears to the bliss of heaven when the gates are open to thee!"

Pensively she cast down her eyes. "Yes, it is called a **vale of tears;** it must be true; but to me this earth is a paradise." — She looked at me with a radiant countenance. "O dear angel, heaven is beautiful, but earth is likewise full of joy for me."

Her answer seemed to me incredible. I could not understand the maiden. Had I been deceived? Was she then not so ardent a lover of her Jesus? Was she attached to the fleeting

pleasures of earth? — "Dear child, how canst thou so love this earth?" I questioned sadly. "How canst thou compare it with heaven? Dost thou not consider the endless happiness of the elect? the inexpressible bliss which the glorified spirits enjoy? and the jubilation of the angels and saints who form choirs about their Queen and sing their unceasing **sanctus** to the Triune God? Hast thou not heard the words: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him ' " (1 Cor. ii. 9)?

Angelica merely smiled. "Yes, all this I know, yet earth seems more desirable to me than heaven, for — **we have our Lord with us in the Holy Eucharist.** On our altars He dwells with us till the end of time."

Silently and reverently I looked upon this tender maiden. So this was the reason that earth seemed to her a paradise! Not the pleasures of the world, but **love** made her forego the blessedness above. To me, this was food for thought. . . Then I raised my head. No, Angelica was wrong. True, in mercy for mankind, the Lord did deign to dwell among them, but in heaven He is brilliant in all His glory. Man wanders on earth uncertain of his salvation.

"Foolish child," I responded, "here thou dost see Him only through a veil, but in heaven thou shalt see Him in all the glory of His unveiled beauty, as the God of majesty from eternity to eternity."

"Yes, He is with you as the infinite God, as the eternal King, but on earth He dwells as man, in all His amiability and sweetness, as the one whose joy it is to dwell among the children of men," answered the innocent girl.

"In heaven, too, He is as man. Dost thou not remember that He ascended into heaven with His glorified Body from Mount Olivet?"

"Indeed, dear angel, it is His glorified Body that is exalted at the right hand of the Father for all eternity. Enraptured with delight, the angels prostrate in deepest reverence before Him, and though they are pure spirits, they cover their faces with their wings, not considering themselves worthy to behold His glory. But we, — oh, for us He conceals His Divinity in the little white Host so that no one needs to fear Him. We children of men may, at every hour, come to Him and tell Him of our needs and of our love. Oh, who is as happy as we! **He loves us, He loves us!"**

"Oh, He loves us, too, Angelica.. He has endowed us with excellent gifts, he has made us princes of His kingdom and selected us as His messengers."

The young girl folded her hands over her heart and replied: "Yes, He loves the angels, but not so much as He loves us. . . Tell me, did He leave the bliss of heaven and come down to earth for the angels? Did He take the angelic nature and mingle among them? did He touch you? did He endure hardships for you? did He suffer for you? did He die for you amidst an ocean of pain? No; all this He did only for the children of men. Oh! how He loves us!"

Her face glowed with love. I knew not what to answer.

"And that did not suffice," she continued. "When He returned to the blissful dwellings of heaven, He could not separate Himself from us. He sought for a means to remain always with us. It was then that He wrought the miracle of all miracles, the Holy Sacrament of His Flesh and Blood. As He loved His own, so He loved them to the end. The infinitely great God lowered Himself for us poor children of men, and became food under the simple form of bread. A God for His creatures!"

She stood there with radiant eyes, and I could not turn my face from her pure features. Softly she went on: "You angels love Him. You are without sin; no temptation comes near you, you can never lose Him. But He pleads for our love. He follows us, He begs for a return of love. Never did He say to the angels: 'My child, give Me thy heart.' "

Angelica gazed into the distance where, amid the trees, the spire of the chapel could be seen. There was her Beloved, and she was thinking of Him. I began once more: "With us in heaven there is no sin, no stain, but here on earth men often offend the Most High."

A shade of sadness clouded her brow; she lowered her head and continued, "Yes, it is true, dear angel, we often forget the commandments and sin against the good God. We grieve our dear Savior, for we are poor, we are sinful creatures, and manifold temptations come upon us. But," with moist eyes she looked at me, — "do you know how blissful it is to kneel at the feet of Christ's representative and hear the consoling words: **'Ego te absolvo** — I absolve you from your sins; your sins are forgiven you; go in peace'? Dost thou remember that the Lord has said: 'To whom much has been forgiven, he loveth much'? And didst

thou ever weep? Dost thou know the sweet consolation of tears? Oh, what a great favor to weep before the Blessed Sacrament! Oh, how the heart dilates with love; how happy one feels after a sincere confession! But thou canst not understand this."

"No, dear sister soul," I answered tenderly, "but we are happy too. We behold Him face to face."

Now the features of the young girl shone with a wonderful light. "Pray, tell me, art thou permitted to embrace Him? to press Him to thy heart? to receive Him in Holy Communion? to be nourished by Him as food? to take Him into thy heart? Behold, this is the height of earthly bliss. This is a happiness which heaven does not know, and which only the earth offers. Oh, Holy Communion is something so great, so sublime and so blissful that there are no words in heaven or on earth to describe it."

She stood as one transfigured. Her soul shone with an unearthly beauty.

"But in heaven there is no pain," I attempted as a last objection. "There God will, as it is written in Holy Scripture, wipe away all tears from the eyes of His elect. Death shall be no more, nor weeping nor pain. But on earth there is immeasurable sorrow and suffering."

"Oh, that is just the advantage of earth," responded the maiden gayly. "Can the angels suffer for the dear Savior and thus show Him their love? No, ah, no! But we can. He has suffered for us; we may suffer for Him to prove our love. He wishes to bestow eternal bliss for every hour of suffering, but even without this promised reward we would gladly bear every affliction, just to please Him, to make ourselves conformable to Him who has suffered so much for love of us."

I held my peace. I was convinced by the holy maiden. We were again passing the statue of the Sacred Heart. She greeted it with a loving look and again turned to me: "Yes, dear angel, on earth there is so sweet, so blissful a happiness that I would not exchange it now for heaven. Tell, then, my dear Savior, if He will permit me, I shall remain upon earth; I will devote my life to the unceasing adoration of His love in the Holy Eucharist by which He has transfigured this vale of tears. Here in the shadow of the sanctuary I shall await the time which He Himself shall appoint for my departure. Then shall I follow the angel of death and be eternally happy in heaven with thee and all the celestial spirits. But now, I repeat, earth is joyful because of Jesu Hostia."

Worthy Commemoration of the Eucharistic Congress

In our Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Missouri, the Most Blessed Sacrament, by a rare privilege, is exposed night and day without interruption. The sisters pray without ceasing before our Blessed Lord on His throne of grace. They unite with the angelic hosts which surround the altar, to render all praise, love and adoration to their Hidden God.

His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, has invited the Benedictine Sisters of Clyde, Missouri, to establish a sanctuary of unceasing prayer at Mundelein, Illinois. The proposed convent is to be erected on the Seminary grounds of St. Mary of the Lake, — truly, a worthy commemoration of the Eucharistic Congress!

The Loving Heart of Jesus living and beating for us in the Holy Eucharist will assuredly bless all who contribute toward the erection of this House of God. Many will be pleased to learn of this opportunity to make a lasting gift in memory of a dear departed husband or wife, a loving son or daughter who has been taken away all too soon. What could be a more fitting memorial than a portion of a sanctuary of Perpetual Adoration! Not only the dear departed in whose memory a donation is made will then be remembered day and night in the prayers of the Sisters, but the charitable donor will likewise share in numberless prayers, Holy Communions and good works.

Small donations as well as large will be gratefully accepted. From those in need themselves, we beg only the alms of their prayers for the success of the undertaking. Those blessed with temporal goods, we pray God to inspire them to give liberally toward the new foundation. We will gladly accede to special wishes, in so far as it is possible, and use donations according to the intentions of the giver, for instance, for the exposition throne, for the altar, for pillars, for Stations of the Cross, for candelabra, etc. We might mention that the sanctuary lamps have already been donated. Kindly write to: —

Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri

The Parents of the "Little Flower"

Continued

MONSIEUR Martin's lively faith and deep religious sentiments would never permit him to be influenced by merely earthly considerations, or motives of human respect. Frequently he was in the company of persons of an entirely different turn of mind on matters of religion, but never did he fail to profess his Faith openly. For instance when he happened to pass a church, regardless of others, he invariably greeted the Most Blessed Sacrament. He also saluted every priest

reverently, as a mark of his esteem for the dignity of the holy priesthood.

God rewarded the virtues of his servant by blessing even his material enterprises. In 1871 his circumstances permitted him to discontinue his business as a jeweler, and retire to a new residence in the Rue St. Blaise. The making of fine laces, known as Point d'Alencon, begun by Madame Martin, was, however, still carried on.

It was at this home on the street of St. Blaise that Monsieur Martin lost his beloved wife, leaving him with five children, the youngest of which was but four years old. He bore this affliction with manly courage, offering it to the Divine Savior for the repose of the soul of his dear departed wife. He now devoted himself entirely to his motherless children, so that his youngest daughter, the sainted Teresa of the Child Jesus, later wrote of this period: "My father's affectionate heart seemed endowed with a mother's love, and he was as solicitous about me as the most tender and unselfish mother could have been."

In order that his daughters might have the benefit of their aunt's guidance he made the great sacrifice of leaving his home at Alencon, which had become endeared to him, to live at Lisieux near the brother of his deceased wife. His sister-in-law received the children most affectionately and tried in every way to take the place of their never-to-be-forgotten mother.

The devout father who now lived only for his children, and with them only for God, had still to endure many trials. Four of his children, among them his favorite, Little Teresa, each in turn left their father and consecrated themselves entirely to the service of God, three as Carmelites, and one as a Visitation nun. Only one remained to brighten his declining years by her presence. Though separation was bitter, each time Monsieur Martin joyfully offered his children to the Lord for whose service he had reared them, and who rewarded him abundantly with His graces.

God's Blessing

Children are in truth the blessing of God, the fruit of union. "By their fruits you shall know them" (Matt. vii. 20). By the children one can usually judge whether matrimonial life has been good and holy, whether it has been in accordance with the designs of God who instituted it. "The children are an index to the home."

From their earliest youth, Louis and Zelia had sought to do the will of God in all things, but they did so still more after they were united in marriage, for then they could with their combined efforts work for the honor and glory of their Creator. Their intention at first was to live as brother and sister. Later, however, Louis began to share the wishes of his spouse and, like her, asked the Lord to bless their union by giving them many children so that they might offer to Him the fruit of their blessed union. He could, in truth, say with the chaste Tobias: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that if I take a wife it is only for the love of posterity, in which Thy Name may be blessed for ever and ever" (Tob. viii.9).

And, indeed, his posterity was pleasing to the Lord. From this union budded nine fragrant flowers, four of which were plucked in the bud and transplanted to the garden of paradise, while the other five blossomed and bore fruit in the Carmelite and Visitation Orders. In this way was fulfilled what the pious mother had besought: "Bless me, O Lord, and make me the mother of many children, and may all of them be consecrated to Thee."

True Paternal Piety

All of their children were dedicated to the Queen of Virgins, the "lily of the valley," before their birth. At baptism, each received her name: Marie Louise, Marie Pauline, Marie Leonie, Marie Helene (who died at the age of four and one-half), Marie Joseph Louis (who died when five months old), Marie Joseph Jean Baptiste (who died when nine months old), Marie Celine, Marie Melanie (who died when but three months old), and lastly Marie Frances Teresa. She was the ninth child, the favorite of heaven, the highest in that family of nine, with a heart glowing like the highest of the nine choirs of angels, the seraphim.

As Louis and Zelia had prepared themselves for their matrimonial life by novenas and the reception of the sacraments, so did they await each child with fervent prayer. One might say the children were the fruit of the prayers of these devout parents. Especially the two boys, who after the birth of the four elder girls were given them after entreating St. Joseph to obtain sons for them, promising that they should become priests and missionaries. Soon after, Marie Joseph was born who by his pretty ways appealed to all hearts, but only five months had run their course when heaven demanded what it had lent. Then followed more urgent novenas. At all costs the family must have a priest of the

Lord, one who would be an apostle, peradventure a martyr. But, "the thoughts of the Lord are not our thoughts, His ways are not our ways." Another little Joseph was born, and with him hope again grew strong. Alas! nine months had scarcely elapsed when he, too, winged his flight from this world to join his angel brother.

They did not ask again. Oh, could the veil of the future have been lifted for but one moment, and shown this pious couple that the Lord would yet fulfill their desires; that a child was to be vouchsafed them who would be a herald of love to the whole world, how overflowing would not have been their gratitude and their joy! Although at first the Lord seemed deaf to the prayers of these truly devout parents, who served Him with the fidelity and loyalty of the early Christians, He had destined to bestow on them a special favor. For we can truly say of their youngest daughter, Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, and it has been repeatedly written of her that "she is in very deed a zealous missionary; her words are irresistible, full of power and unction, her life and example exercise a charm and attraction that no one can resist; she throws out a net to win souls and none of those who surrender themselves to her power can remain in the dark waters of sin nor even in the sluggish streams of lukewarmness." In this way the pious father and mother themselves were destined to shine as missionaries and their wedded life was a continuous apostolic labor; their example is worthy of imitation by all Christian parents of the present and the future.

To be continued

Realizing the dangers to which their daughters are exposed in attending day-schools, many parents are most anxious to place their daughters in a select Convent boarding school for their education. In such an institution, they are safeguarded from harmful influences, receive a solid religious training and a thorough knowledge of the sciences.

St. Joseph's Academy conducted by the Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, is an ideal boarding school for little girls and young ladies. Only girls of good Catholic families are admitted. Special attention is directed to the formation of true womanly character. True Christian education is a Divine work, most noble and elevating.

The course of studies embraces: Academic, Commercial, Preparatory, Primary, Music, and Art Departments. Moderate terms: $200.00 per year.

For information, address: **The Sister Directress**
St. Joseph's Academy, Clyde, Missouri

The Suffering Souls

"ETERNAL rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen." This favorite prayer of the Church on behalf of the poor souls in purgatory is a strong plea to the Divine mercy to grant them the three great spiritual blessings: rest, light and peace. The holy souls are not totally deprived of rest, light and peace, for they are at rest from the ceaseless strife of this life; they have peace in the certainty of being saved, and they have light, the reflection of the vision of God. However, they still lack the beatific rest which will be theirs in the bosom of God for all eternity; they are still deprived of the perfect light in which they will be suffused when admitted to the realm of bliss; and they still long for that heavenly peace which will be theirs when their craving for the possession of God, which is one of the torments of purgatory, shall have been appeased.

"One Hundred Thousand Hours!"

In the year 1760, a political prisoner was languishing in a dungeon. When he had arrived at the limit of his endurance,

he wrote to an influential person at court this short note: "On the twenty-seventh of this month, it will be one hundred thousand hours since I have been suffering in this abode of pain, and two hundred thousand more are awaiting me!"

History does not record the success of his appeal, but what anguish of soul is contained in those few lines! The unfortunate man had counted the hours of his captivity! In purgatory, according to some private revelations, the minutes seem like years, the years like eternities. Many a holy soul may sigh: "It is now one hundred thousand hours that I have been suffering!"

Ah, let us not forget the poor souls in purgatory. They are grateful, and will never fail to repay supplication made for them.

Comfort in the Doctrine of Purgatory

A young Scotchman, whose brother had dropped dead at his side at a banquet, was deeply affected by this sad loss. He realized that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and since his creed knew nothing of an intermediate state between heaven and hell, he conceived a terrible anxiety as to the fate of his departed brother. This thought haunted him day and night.

On one All Souls' Day, he wrote to Abbe Gaume: "For the love of my brother I wish to embrace your Faith. I shall breathe more easily when I can pray for him. Your Faith alone makes it possible for us to help each other even after death. Your prayers take from the grave its terrible silence; you still converse with those who have departed this life; you know that human weakness which is no crime, yet is not purity either. Between heaven and hell God has revealed to you a place of atonement; in this place, perhaps, my brother is, and I want to become a Catholic to obtain his release."

Ah, to the heart of the devout Catholic, how comforting is the doctrine of purgatory!

What the Dying Soldier Missed

HE had come from Montauban. Like his father he had been brought up as a Lutheran. Intelligent and clever, he had held a responsible position in a bank at the age of twenty-six. Then, like a bolt from the blue sky, came the world war. The young man was called to the colors. He lived the life of the trenches, and mingled with Catholics who were not ashamed to practice their holy religion. He even went into the huts where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved.

Harold believed in the existence of God, and until his acquaintance with the Catholic soldiers, he had been thoroughly convinced that his Protestant religion was the right one. However, grace was working steadily in this untainted soul. One day he became doubtful as to whether he professed the true religion. Being of a serious turn of mind, this doubt was of supreme importance to him. By reading, asking advice, and every means in his power, he sought to learn the truth.

After some time spent in the trenches, Harold was fatally wounded in the shoulder and was removed to a hospital near Brest. The next day a priest going through the ward of the wounded men stopped beside the newly arrived soldier.

"I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Harold.

The priest was pleased with this mark of confidence.

"Yes, I am delighted to see you," continued the little soldier. "I want to give up the Protestant religion. It protests against Christ! Now, tell me, had Luther the right to protest against Christ and against the Church of Rome which is His Church? I wish to become a Catholic."

The priest kindly explained various points of Catholic doctrine to the soldier, and promised to see him again. The next day someone said to the Chaplain, "Number 15 is asking for you." The priest went and found it to be the young soldier with whom he had conversed the previous day.

"Father, I wish to be baptized," were the words with which the Chaplain was greeted.

"You wish to be baptized? But, my friend, in order to receive holy baptism you must be instructed in the Catholic religion."

"I know all about it," responded the soldier. "Question me and you shall see."

The Chaplain was astonished at the knowledge which this Protestant soldier displayed of the truths of our holy Faith. Upon Harold's renewed entreaties, the Chaplain baptized him the following day. Reverently he bent his fair head to receive the baptismal water while a young convalescent soldier from Brittany rose from his bed to stand as godfather.

"Now," he said, "I long to make my first Communion." With edifying devotion he received the Holy Eucharist for the first time, and all were struck at the fervor with which he spent the time of thanksgiving. Later in the day he complained: "To receive God only once! . . . I should like to receive Him again." The following morning, at the appointed hour, the door of the ward slowly opened, and the Chaplain was seen bearing the Blessed Sacrament. Harold sat up and received Holy Communion with the fervor of a St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

His condition had been critical, and he now seemed to grow rapidly weaker. The Chaplain administered extreme unction, and bestowed on him the indulgence for the dying. "I am happy," he said, "but I am tired of praying to myself; I should like to pray aloud." — And sometimes he did pray aloud to the edification of the soldiers in his ward.

When the Chaplain returned in the evening, the convert exclaimed, "Father, you have not given me everything!"

"Yes, my friend, I have given you everything. You have received holy baptism, Holy Communion, extreme unction and the plenary indulgence. . ."

"I do not know what it is," continued Harold, "but I feel that there is something missing. . . No, you have not given me everything. . ."

The priest wondered what he could still give the dying

soldier. . . Then the scapular came to his mind.

"Perhaps it is the scapular of our Blessed Mother," he said.

"That's it, that's it!" exclaimed the convert; "we had forgotten the Blessed Virgin!"

He was invested with the holy scapular, and asked for Holy Communion again, which the priest promised to bring the following day. The next morning, however, a nurse informed the Chaplain: "Rev. Father, the young soldier passed away during the night, saying with holy joy: *I am going to God, to the good God! I am going to see Him. Oh, what happiness for me! . . .*"

It was a priest of the diocese of Coutances who baptized this fervent convert. He related the above to a friend who scrupulously recorded it the same night, thinking it a duty to acquaint people with this great work of grace which was no doubt a reward to the young soldier for his sincere efforts in seeking the truth.

Devotion to the Precious Blood — Feast, July 1st

How to make practical use of It: to appease the Heavenly Father; to prevent mortal sins; to afford relief for the suffering souls. The Precious Blood shed in the scourging; on the Cross. — Litany and prayers.

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Address: **Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri**

The Little Seraph of the Blessed Sacrament

Gustave Maria Bruni

AGAIN and again the words of the apostle are verified in the Church: "The weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong" (1 Cor. i. 27). What beneficial influence did not the history of the life of "Little Nellie of Holy God" exercise upon young and old! A marvelously beautiful counterpart of this four-year-old Irish child is Gustave Maria Bruni who, as it were grew up in the shadow of the Tabernacle, and gave back his young life as a seraph of the Blessed Sacrament, pure and untarnished.

His biography which has already been translated into almost every language, was warmly recommended by the saintly Pope Pius X and by many eminent Cardinals and bishops to all children, as well as to mothers, teachers and educators. Gustave was a highly gifted and extraordinarily intelligent child, still he was a child in reality with many faults and weaknesses to overcome. His love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament helped him to master himself and to practice truly heroic virtues.

Gustave Maria's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was, to a great extent, an inheritance from his pious mother. She had obtained the gift of this child by her fervent prayers before the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed in the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Eucharist. Here, too, in her daily adoration hour, she always reminded our Lord to accept her child as His own. The good Master heard the prayer of the saintly mother.

Today Gustave Maria is everywhere honored and invoked as "The Little Seraph of the Blessed Sacrament." His tomb has become, for many, a hallowed place where God is most lavish with His gifts and graces. All who read his life attentively are charmed with his lively faith and tender love for Jesu Hostia. The example he has left inspires new zeal and enkindles new love in the heart for our God and King in the Tabernacle.

Birth and Attraction to the Blessed Sacrament

Gustave Maria Bruni was born at Turin, Italy, on May 6, 1903, the day on which Holy Church commemorates the attempted martyrdom of the beloved disciple of Jesus, St. John. He was the oldest child of the pious couple Alphonse and Charlotte Bruni. On the day following, the pious mother had her infant taken to the parish church to receive the sacrament of baptism at which he was given the name "Gustave Maria." It was on a Thursday, the day which the devotion of the faithful has dedicated to the veneration of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

According to the wish of this excellent mother, Jesus was to constitute the principal object of love in the life of her son. With tender sentiments she therefore placed symbols of the Holy Eucharist in the immediate surroundings of her little one. For instance, grapes were used to ornament his cradle, the coverlets, even his first little dresses and hoods.

Every morning after returning from Holy Mass at which she received Holy Communion, the good mother kissed her little angel child. Her intention in doing this was to bring to her babe the "kiss of Jesus." The first time Gustave was taken out after baptism was to visit the church. There he remained at the feet of Jesus in the Tabernacle for an hour during the adoration which his mother made in his name. We may truly say that the little seraph, even at the beginning of his life, breathed the consecrated atmosphere of the house of God.

From this time forward, the child seemed to experience interiorly the sweet operations of the presence of God. According to the testimony of the mother and the faithful nurse, his countenance became radiant while he was in the church. With an expression of unspeakable happiness, his bright eyes rested on the Tabernacle and beamed for joy as if contemplating an especially pleasing object. One would almost believe that before the Tabernacle, Gustave was free from all weakness which frequently attends children of that tender age. Never did he open his lips to cry nor give a sign of weariness while before the

Blessed Sacrament. Outside of church, however, the same weakness and the same restless weeping as in other children of his age were noticeable in this little boy.

Happy the Child Who has Such a Mother

Happy the children that possess a mother who lives entirely for our Lord in the Holy Eucharist! To the souls of such little ones, Jesus will, undoubtedly, show His love from their very infancy. It is therefore easy to explain the following incident related by the widow, Adele Cervini-Massaza: —

"I remember," she writes, "how I was moved to tears while looking at the little infant but three months old when he was brought one evening to the quiet village church of Coassolo in the Lanzo valley in the Alps. I saw how his good nurse took him up to the Communion railing. He opened his tiny hands and dropped some mountain flowers at the foot of the altar. Smiling sweetly, he threw kisses toward the Tabernacle. At this expression of her child's love for the Blessed Sacrament, the pious mother experienced a heavenly interior joy which shone on her countenance, and which compensated her for many sufferings."

One of the loveliest and most beautiful of earthly abodes is that of a family which is gladdened by the smile of an angel child. The home of the little seraph presents to our minds a picture of such a family. Oh, in what bliss did the parents spend the hours by the side of the cradle which held their mutual happiness. Here they lovingly consoled each other for their sufferings, and drew the fondest hopes for a better future.

To be continued

In ordering booklets **please do not send orders for less than 25 cents, so as to enable us to keep to the 10 ct. and 6 ct. prices which, because of the high cost of production we find it difficult to maintain, as the time and material required for packing are practically the same for one as for several booklets.**

Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri

Two Future Popes in the Kitchen

ONE morning, a number of years ago, a young priest in spectacles arrived at the Bishop's palace in Mantua, Italy. He ascended to the Bishop's apartment, and knocked. Nobody answered. Going cautiously in, the priest found himself in the presence of the Bishop, who was holding a coffee pot in his hand.

"Monsignor, I am a priest passing through the city," said the visitor. "I have just offered the Holy Sacrifice in the cathedral and did not wish to leave the city without paying my respects to Your Lordship."

"You have just said Mass," responded the Bishop, "then you have not had breakfast? I shall be delighted to have you eat with me. Come and help me with it," said the Bishop. "My sister who generally does the cooking, is late returning today, so I had to manage alone. You will not mind giving me a hand. . ."

And the Bishop who was Monsignor Sarto, the future Pope Pius X, still with the coffee pot in his hand, went into the kitchen where he was followed by the priest who was none other than Achille Ratti, our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, and the two future Pontiffs prepared their breakfast together.

This little incident was told in 1926 when death claimed the faithful sister of the sainted Pope Pius X.

A Sacrificial Priest

"I have just been appointed to one of our most difficult parishes. The place is known as the 'graveyard' of many priests. Only last year two strong missionaries lost their health and lives in this very parish. Another was appointed in the course of the year, but soon fell sick, too, and had to abandon the post. Now I am here to fill up the gap. There are financial troubles, and the worry and anxiety about the money question was a cause of the untimely deaths of last year. The poor Fathers could not even afford to get milk — only black coffee and bread such that you had to use a hammer to break it into bits. My first care was to remedy this awful situation for my two companions.— Now we can get milk in our coffee, but every week it means an additional bill. My safe is almost empty, and I do not see my way to continue the improvement in our kitchen unless some generous friend finds his heart moved and comes to our aid."

Dear readers, let us aid this good sacrificial priest, and many others who are in need of help. Mass stipends are most gratefully

received by them, and all intentions will be promptly forwarded if sent to: — Rev. P. Lukas, O.S.B., or

Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri

A Cry of Need

Dear Rev. Father Lukas, Bavaria, April 1927.

The Bridgetine Convent of this place is in extreme want. It is a wonderful, ancient convent, the only Bridgetine Convent in Germany. During the secularization period, their property was taken from them. They still had some capital, however, but this was lost after the war. Now they still have a very small plot of land on which the forty-five nuns live amidst untold privations. They are on the verge of dissolution, and if something is not done for them soon, the community can no longer exist. Their well has caved in; they need a wagon, coal... but from whence shall they procure the money? I conjure you, Rev. Father, help them through American benefactors! They are such lovable, saintly nuns! They must starve if they do not receive aid.

Rev. P. Lukas, O.S.B. Rheinland, April 4, 1927.

Dear Reverend Father,

We received the alms you so kindly sent us. A thousandfold thanks to you and the noble benefactors! You have again shown your loving care for the poor Sisters at Bonn-Endenich. Heaven must inspire you concerning our deep distress. There are immense bills for coal to be paid, bills for potatoes and flour, etc., which cause sleepless nights to our dear Mother Prioress. Now she can pay at least part of the debts. Our saintly superior who passed away last year will surely continue to look after us, and see that kind, generous souls in America come to our assistance.

Address: **Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri**

For Sale: — 160 acres of fertile land lying northwest of Conception Junction, Nodaway County, Missouri. 70 acres in blue grass; remainder in corn and wheat. Near Catholic church and school. Terms: Cash payment of $10,000.00; balance in installments in 6 to 8 years, at 6 %. For detailed information address: —

"B" care of "Tabernacle and Purgatory," Clyde, Missouri

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